## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, AUGUST 4, 1889.

THE NEW JERUSALEM. Introducing the American Type-

writer Into the Holy City. THE WONDERFUL RUINS OF ZION.

Pretty Bethlehem Girls With Their Dowries on Their Heads.

THE QUAINTEST CITY OF THE ORIENT



Ziou, in the center of Jerusalem. My American typewriter stands with in 30 feet of the great square tower of David, the base of which was un doubtedly built bedore Christ. At my left, surrounded by the yellow stone walls of houses, is the dark green pool which

Hezekiah made to supply the holy city with water in case of a siege, and beyond it, out of the honeycomb of buildings, shines the great bronze dome, which stands over the spot on which Christ was crucified, and in which just now are worshiping pilgrims from every quarter of the Christian world. In front of me, not half a mile away, on a great plateau covering 35 acres, is a big octagonal tower with a bulbous bronze dome. It is the Mosque of Omar and it stands on the very site of Solomon's Temple, while at its left is the church built on the Roman mosaic floor of the house of Pontius Pilate. The borigon on all sides is bounded by hills. Jerusalem lies in a nest in the mountains. It is built on an irregular plateau, with valleys about it and steep hills running straight up from these to the city and to the higher



hills on the opposite sides. Around the edge of this plateau runs a wall about 30 feet high, and within this is the Jerusalem of to-day. It does not cover, all told, much more than the area of a 300-acre farm, and a good walker can make the circuit of its which Jesus Christ was born. It consisted of a series of vaulted chambers, the walls

ticular from every other part of the world. Aside from its wonderfully interesting historical associations, Jerusalem to-day is a A GIGANTIC HONEYCOMB.

Forty thousand people are packed within its narrow walls and it looks more like a great honeycomb than a city. The houses are piled one upon another in all sorts of irregularities, and if you would take a half-section of land and scatter over the whole great piles of gigantic store boxes just as you find them back of a large store, you might get some idea of Jerusalem as it looks to me from Mount Zion. These houses have

no chimneys and their stone roots are in every case almost flat. Many of them have little beehive domes jutting out of their cen-ter, and if the town were on a level these domes would look like the hav cocks of a great meadow at the time of harvest. Yes-low limestone is the material of Jerusalem. The wood used in the building of the whole city would not last an American family a winter, and the roofs, walls and floors of these thousands of houses are of cold, yellowish-white limestone. Even in the Bishop's mansion, which is one of the finest in the city, I get out of my bed on to a stone floor and I walk to my breakfast through stone balls, down stone steps.

There are no wells in this city of Jerusa-

lem. All of the water comes down in rain, and the trees and gardens of the town can be numbered on your fingers. The hills about the city are almost as barren as those of New England and the only foliage vis ible is the dark silvery green of the olive orchards on the Mount of Olives and along the hills between Jaffa and Bethlehem.

The only green to be seen is an acre or so of common invide the walls of the temple plateau, and here and there a housetop, which by age has gathered a coating of dirt from the dust of the city, and on which the green grass has sprouted. Here and there you see ruined arches which are too dangerous to be inhabited by the bees of this human hive, and on these the moss and grass grow. There is one green bushy tree at the base of Mount Calvary, and a solitary palm looks out over the city, beside the business street named after King David. It is not an attractive looking town, and its glaring cream white makes sore the eyes under the rays of this tropical sun.

AT THE GATES OF JERUSALEM. The walls of Jerusalem are clean and well cut, and they have not the dilapidated condition of those of the cities of China, They are entered by gates which are closed at night, and at each of these gates Moham medan soldiers stand and exact a tax on all of the produce which comes into the city. The main business gate is that which leads out behind the tower of David toward Jaffa, through which the Bethlehem girls bring their vegetables each morning to sell and through which all of the imports which come by sea are brought in. This gate lies at my feet, and I can see the curious throng which passes through it day in and day out. There are donkeys and camels with great loads on their backs. There are pilgrims by the thousands and all of the various characters which make up this curious peo-ple. There goes a donkey led by a fat Turk in a yellow gown and red turban; he is bare-footed, and he is bringing wood into town to sell. The wood is the roots of olive trees and his donkey load is worth just 25 cents and he has had to pay 3 cents of a taz upon it at the gate. There is a Syrian Beduin upon a gray Arabian pony. He sits as straight as a telegraph pole and he looks with wonder-

their noses. Next comes a troop of Turkish soldiers in blue European uniforms and red fer caps. They knock aside the Christians

There is a market inside the Jaffa gate and I can see it just under me as I write. Great piles of oranges and lemons lie upon the flag sidewalk and there are scores of women with baskets of vegetables before them. Many of these are from Bethlehem and the Bethlehem girls are the prettiest you see in Jerusalem. They have straight, well-rounded forms, which they clothe in a long linen dress of white, beautifully embroidered in silk, so that a single gown requires many months of work. This dress is much like the American woman's night gown without the frills and laces. It falls from the neek to the feet and is open at the front of the neek in a narrow slit as far down as of the neck in a narrow slit as far down as



A Belle of Bethlehem.

modest decollette fashionable dress. Over this they have sleeveless cloaks of dark red stripes and their heads are covered with long shawls of linen beautifully embroidered. Just above her forehead each girl carries her dowry in the shape of a wreath-like strip of silver coins which stand on end fastened to a string and crown the forehead with money. Some of the girls have several rows of these coins and some have crowns of gold. Not a few have coins of silver and gold the size of our twenty-dollar gold pieces hung to strings about their necks, and none of the women hide their pretty faces, as do those Mohammedan girls near by, who, in shapeless white gowns with flowers white and red veils corgowns with flowery white and red veils cov-ering the whole of their faces, look like girls

playing ghosts in white sheets. Beside these are Russian girls in the peas ant costumes of modern Europe, and Jewish maidens in gowns and flowered shawls. There are Greek priests with high, black caps and monks of all kinds, such as you see under the black cowls of Europe. The Syrian, the Turk, the Beduin, the Armenian and the Greek are all in that crowd below me and among them all is the form below me, and among them all is the form of the ubiquitous American traveler, who in pith helmet hat and green sun umbrella has conquered the East as well as the West. A BEDUIN INN.

I was much interested in a Beduin inn, which I next visited, and I imagine that walls in an hour.

Sitting, as I am upon the mice Rang

are d's paince, I see the whole city spread
out before me. What a curious city it is!
In my ... of the world I have found no
place so still of strange sights, of picturesque
characters, and so different in every particular from every other part of the world. two camels in one vaulted compartment.
Upon a ledge near by, with nothing but a
dirty straw mat to separate them from the
stones, three Beduin men in their black and white gowns lay dozing. In another cave-like compartment were several horses, and the only sign of civilization was a European lamp, which was burning American coal oil in the back of another cave. Through my guide I chatted with the Keeper of the inn, and he told me that his charge for feeding; keeping and washing a donkey or a horse

was 5 cents a day.

Nearly all of the business and manufacturing establishments of Jerusalem are of this cave-like character. There is a nest in the city known as the bazaars, and this is made up of long streets vaulted over with these caves, opening out from the walls on both sides and with every sort of work going



A Beduin.

same as those which were used in the days of Herod and Christ, and the crowd of cus-tomers is much the same. Above these streets and above all of this under Jerusalem houses are built. The city has a half a dozen different levels, and the Jerusalem of dozen different levels, and the Jerusalem of to-day is founded upon the remains of several Jerusalems of the past. In some places by excavation, other houses and temples have been found below the level of the present city, and there is perhaps no city in the world which so well pays excavation as this one. Just outside of the present city, in building a new monastery, the monks have come upon some very fine mosaics, and they claim to have undoubted evidence that the spot on which their monastery stands is the place on which St. Stephen stood when he was stoned. You see Greek and Roman capitals and columns in many parts of the present Jerusalem, and the whole of Palestine is honeycombed with runs. If the fund, which is now talked of in America, for making excavations at in America, for making excavations at Delphos in Greece were devoted to Palestine there is no doubt but that under the proper explorers it could accomplish wonders.

WONDERFUL RUINS. wonderful ruins.

It must be remembered that Jerusalem has been almost entirely destroyed a number of times, and that it has undergone two score of sieges. The walls which surround the city and especially those which surround the city and especially those which run up from Solomon's temple are from 80 to 100 feet under ground, and these were undoubtedly at one time on the level with Jerusalem. I visited the church of St. Anne a few days ago and I was shown a marble pillar as large as any of those in the Capitol at with cobble-stones set round 'm."—Judge.

Washington, which had been dug up a few days before, and there are vaults and tombs, houses and streets under the present city of Jerusalem quite as interesting as those which have been uncarthed at Pompeii in recent times. I have been taken down to the original floor and court in which Posting Pillers and in the processing the proces fer caps. They knock aside the Christians as they go along, and it makes one's blood boil to know that this land which is the holiest of all to Christian nations is in the hands of the Turks. The sound of the Turkish band is continuously heard in Jerusalem. The Turkish sword and gun is everywhere and the Holy Sepulcher itself is guarded by Turks.

PRETTY BETHLEHEM GIRLS.

tombs, houses and streets under the properties of Jerusalem quite as interesting as those which have been uncerthed at Pompeii in recent times. I have been taken down to the original floor and court in which Pontius Pilate examined Christ, and I have had hundreds of antique silver and copper coins offered me which undoubtedly date further back than the time of Christ.

These walls found underneath Jerusalem are many feet thick. They are built of

These walls found underneath Jerusalem are many feet thick. They are built of great stones, and some of them are so carefully put together that a knife blade cannot be inserted between them. One who has not visited Palestine can have no idea of its wonderful ruins. The tombs of the kings on the edge of the city are large enough to put a city house inside of the pit which, cut on the edge of the eity are large emball to put a city house inside of the pit which, cut out of the solid rock, forms the entrance into them, and a recent excavation of the pool of Bethesda shows that it is 89 feet deep and that it covers nearly an acre. New streets are everywhere found, and under the 35 acres which is now devoted to the Mosque of Omar, and which the Turks will not allow to be excavated, there are some of the most wonderful ruins of history. Just outside of this temple the earth has been excavated for 125 eet before the rock upon which the foundation wall rests has been found and in one place alone there was found 600 feet of a gallery. The whole of the space under these acres is honeycombed with vast tanks and there is one herethat will hold 2,000,000 gallons of water. It is supposed that there are a number of valuable old books under this territory, and the Jerusalem which is now covered with houses has as many tiers of dwellings below it as above it.

A SERIES OF STONE BOXES.

A SERIES OF STONE BOXES. The upper city, or the town of to-day, is made up, as I have said, of a series of stone boxes piled one on the top of the other. Each great stone box is a dwelling, and

Each great stone box is a dwelling, and these dwellings are as curious as the vault-like stores. Few of them have any windows, and most of the rooms are of the same cave-like character. I have gone through the houses of Jews and ot Greeks, and I find that multitudes live in a single nest of rooms, and the old story of the Psalm comes back to me.

"Jerusalem a city is, Compactly built together, Unto that place the tribes go up, The tribes of God go thither."

The town is as compact to-day as when David thrumbed upon his harp, and the tribes not only of Palestine, but of all the world, come here to worship. There are magnificent monasteries so ttered through-out the city and on the very top of the Mount of Olives, a great Russian church litts the bulbous domes towards heaven. In the Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ litts the bulbous domes towards heaven. In the Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ spent the night before he was crucified, there is a resting place for pilgrims, and the Roman Catholies have 1,500 brothers and sisters in their monasteries and convents, while the old Armenian church has a big monastery near the gate of Zion, which contains 180 monks and which can accommodate 2,000 pilgrims. There are Greek Christians here by the thousands and there are Syrians and Copts by the hundreds. There are Abyssinian priests with faces as black as your hat, and you may see every costume and hear every language in the worshipers who gather around the holy sepulcher. The Jerusalem of to-day is the Mecca of millions of souls. It is to hundreds of millions the holiest spot on the face of the earth. And among the others whom I have met in Palestine is the party of American Roman Catholics, the first pilgrimage which has ever been made to the Holy City by a band from the United States. It is above all a religious city, and, stranger than all, it is again becoming a city of the Jews. The Jews are fast coming back into Palestine, and the Jews of Jerusalem, who now make up a large part of the city, are far different from their brothers in any other part of the world. Their movement toward the Holy Land is strange, and their life here is so interesting that I have made it the subject of investigation, the results of which I will give you next Sunday.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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## A LAUGH THAT RINGS

How to Distinguish the Good Fellow From the Snenk. Chicago Journal. 3

A young man who is credited by his friends with being a good deal of a philosopher penned me up in a corner to-day and harangued me as follows: "Did you ever study the human laugh as an index to human character? It is an infallible test, me boy. Did you ever know a man who simpered and giggled like a girl who wasn't a sneak in his heart? And, on the contrary, did you ever know a fellow who laughed squarely out with a good honest roar who

wasn't the prince of good fellows?

A shrill laugh is indicative of deceit, and a deep chuckle proves sincerity and good nature. By this I don't mean that a man with a tenor voice can't laugh as though he with a tenor voice can't laugh as though he was honest, or one with a bass voice cover his insincerity with a mere beliew. It's the ring that talks. If the laugh has no ring in it you can put the fellow down as a half-hearted cuss, no matter if his laugh is loud enough to lift the roof of the Auditorium. Stand 20 men up in a row before me and do something to set them all laughing, and I'll separate the good fellows from the Miss Nancies about as quickly as you could get outside a beefsteak after a year's

famine. See?"
I said I saw, and made a successful dive

WILLING TO COMPROMISE. Jones Wasn't Particular, so Long as He Got

New York World. 1 "When I used to run a grist mill over in

Scrub Grass township," said Uncle Silas Bowersox, "an old skinflint named Ab Jones always managed to go home to mill just in time to be invited to dinner or supper, as the case might be. This went along most all-nummer, when the old woman got mighty sick of it an' told me I musn't invite him any more. I didn't see how I could very well help it, the way Jones managed things, but the old lady was pretty managed things, but the old lady was pretty slick herself, and told me I could just tell him that I was sorry, but that we didn't have a bite of bread in the house. That looked like an easy way to get out of it, and so the next time Jones kem to mill and lingered by the brookside, so to say, I jest up and told him how awful sorry I was that I couldn't invite him to stay to dinner, but it happened that Mrs. Bowersox didn't have a bite of bread or biscuit in the house.

"'Oh, weil," says old Jones, 'pies and cakes will do." "An' pies an' cakes it had to be."

Not Up to His Expectations



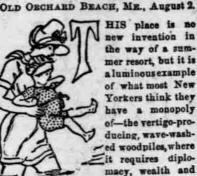
CHASING CARE AWAY How the Merry Youths and Maidens Enjoy Life at Old Orchard.

A BAD CASE OF SPRAINED ANKLE.

The Effect of the Atmosphere Upon the Appetite and Dancing.

CANADIANS A PROMINENT PEATURE

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. OLD ORCHARD BEACH, Mr., August 2.



Yorkers think they have a monopoly of-the vertigo-producing, wave-wash ed woodpiles, where Zit requires diplo dinner placed before you. Old Orchard is a

slightly diluted Coney Island, with a dash of Narragansett and one portion of Glen Island thrown in. It has its merry-gorounds, its tent shows, and its camp meetings. It is architecturally crude from the hissing, rattling railroad that cleaves it in two, up to the barniest and swellest hotel

Whole carloads of raw excursionists are being constantly emptied out of open cars; those young men who wear lightning jackets are forever batting a tennis ball over a net



A Pretty Feature of the Promenade

to a beefy girl in a white jersey; a sort of Chinese orchestra plays operas on string in-struments which the damp atmosphere has taken the heart out of. But the beach-ah! there is grandeur enough about this beach to make up for a world of conventional disagreeabilities. It is ten miles long, and affords as good driving as the average race track. The immense waves pound in like so many waterfalls, tipping the bathers upside down, and freezing the beauty out of a pretty face as quickly as will a sleigh ride in the teeth of a February gale. Large-belted men and women of equal girth tip-toe into the surt, receive

ONE CRUSHING BOLLER on the back of the neck, and then come out on the back of the heek, and then come out as graceless as kangaroos, with all their dignity and poise gone. They don't enjoy it. They say they do, but they don't. But you find comfortable and sensible groups sprinkled negligently about in the warm sand being "photographed like this, then photographed like that," all free of expense, by one of those amateurs that are now as plentiful in the country as cows. It is hard to conceive of the copiousness in the way of young people that is to be found at this place.

Every hotel is a cornucopia of youths and

Every hotel is a cornucopia of youths and maidens, and, of course, that assures a vast amount of frivolity. Dancing is a perfect rage. It begins after breakfast and doesn't cease till toward the following morning. Twice each week a full dress hop is perpetrated, and the girls dare to be showy in their costumes, while the men actually have nerve enough to come down in evening dress, looking like trussed turkeys. It is a strange distortion of ruralness, this. So

dress, looking like trussed turkeys. It is a strange distortion of ruralness, this. So fashionable are some of the girls that I have sketched one of them in her afternoon promenade attire, and of an evening the toilets are ball-like, as shown by the next picture of two fair young Old Orchardites.

One hecomes acquainted readily here, for a lovely young man is hired on purpose to promote social infercourse. He gets a new-comer by the lapel of the coat and tows him up to dencing girls; these latter are always anxious to sample a fresh partner. I think they judge a man by his waltz movement. The exquisite "master of ceremonies" is more of a success with the ladies than a United States Senator would be, if he didn't know how to balance to corners. You see, that is another peculiarity about the seathat is another peculiarity about the sea-



shore. Skilled limbs outclass a trained intellect. A bald, fat man doing the polks in good form would be more ADMIRINGLY SCRUTINIZED

by the females than would a soulful poet with the head of a Byron. The artist might obtain shocks here, but the worldly, red-blooded pleasure seeker moves in the good-natured crowd, gets smiled at, smiles back and says to himself "I like it." The reasons for liking it are many, and are substantial enough for summer weather. The people here are such as the citified worker has not been accustomed to dealing with, at least they are all playing different parts that those we saw them in last winter. More than half of them come from Canada, lending a fuscinating sort of foreign atmosphere to the place, with their parody on the French language, their rapid ways and their remarkable toggery.

It seems as if the noble old State of Maine surrounded the place without having the proprietorship of it. The good people of the-State do not seem able to utilize the pleasures here, except in a single exciting dose, consisting of a bath, a dinner and fight. On the hotel registers we find the names of the recidents of Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec, not those of the leading townsien of Saccarappa, Amenticus and Fryebur.

Still, the girls get the very newest whims of behavior. The hand-tonch is one. No

longer do these up to date belles kiss each other in public, nor gush at all, but simply touch fingers in so quick and casual a way that it cannot be called even a hand shake. It is the newest freak of stylish manners.

CULTURED PLIBTATION. Flirtation has been brought to the highest degree of culture at Old Orchard. A young man from New York arrived here at noon time one day last week, and, a ter getting his baggage into his room, he took a chair on the front piazza, and began gazing down toward the vast expanse of sail-dotted sea, with its low-lying shores edged with foam. To the beach from this hotel it is an unobstructed half mile, and a plank walk runs directly from the hotel



steps to the bathhouses. Our young man declares that a sharp little girl of 16 de-tected him on the plazza when she opened the door of her bathroom, half a

her eyes fixed on him, and, as she came near, he discovered that she was a clever and near, he discovered that she was a clever and fine looking creature with auburn hair and blue eyes. He followed her with his gaze as she moved up the steps, and she wore a sort of half smile on her pretty mouth as she steadily returned his look. When she reached the middle step she sank on one knee with a little cry of pain. The young man sprang to her assistance, asking if he could be of any service.

"I have turned my ankle," said the girl. "Oh! it hurts so! Can you take my hand, please? Thanks."

And with the assistance of the young man the fair creature limped up the steps and sank into the first chair that was come to. Of course the young man lingered, and

Of course the young man lingered, and spoke many solicitous words of sympathy, spoke many solicitous words of sympathy, finally drawing a chair up near the girl and sitting down himself. It was the bathing hour, and the betel was practically deserted, so these two sat chatting away about sprained ankles and liniments till the crowd



A Piratical Crew.

from a science to a business. It is a shock to a delicate dude the first time he eats with a girl who has acquired an Old Orchard ap-

"What shall I order?" asked one novice, as he aimed his eyeglass at a bill of fare.
"Well, I usually have it all brought," she replied, "and not half of it gets away again."

In this dining room crewded solid full of enters I observe that the clergyman anticipates his neighbor on the last slices of bread in sight, that the poet explores the chow-chow jar with tremendous excitement and a sure aim, while girls whose etheriality would indicate a limited capacity in all save soul come down to earth and consume rare roast beef and boiled potatoes with an air of profound triumph. ALL IN THE AIR.

It is all in the air, of course. This sea air covers a muititude of everything. It stimulates children so that they can't get to bed till near midnight. It instigates here more successful dances than one is accustomed to find in summer weather. A hop or a german here is positively imposing in its whirling plentifulness. The dance hall is described with a moving throng of people is dazzling with a moving throng of people who are not afraid to come out in every color who are not afraid to come out in every color that nature knows, or dyeing establishment can produce. The result of this courage is not artistic, but it opens up new and interesting fields for the looker-on, and he is anabie to poke fun at the occasion, for it goes with a snap and vigor that invests it with dignity. It would congeal the blood of a Newportian, perhaps, but he would be apt to ask himself whether he or these crudities here had divined the secret of true happiness. The youngsters are particularly piness. The youngsters are particularly jolly, and no prettier sight could be found than the stranded boatload of them whom I now see from my window as I write. While Old Orchard is not wholly admir-

while Old Orchard is not wholly admirable, it is surely entertaining. The Indiana, who formerly held sway in a spiendid grove, but who have been crowded into a shadeless misery more wretched even than their hounded species is usually driven to, are no doubt reminded, as they look about them here, of their old time war-dances, and perhaps they wonder which are getting civil-ized, they or the white-faces. I could tell them at least, that no Indian maiden could ever reach the state of civilization which prompted that girl to turn her ankle in order to become acquainted with a good-looking New York man. KAMERA.



## A MAGNETIC MAN

By EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

CHAPTER I.



Marcus Rodney, inventor, scholar and asked:
"What do you mean?" electrician, has long vast amount of gossip and speculation. The facts of his case are known to me alone,

make them public, partly to relieve myself of a weighty secret, and partly to open the eyes of scientists to a great discov-

the world calls "a failure." Although he was in perfect health, cultured, energetic and in mental attainments a many-sided man, society looked at his thread-bare coat, his stern, forbidding countenance, learned that he lived in cheap lodgings and had "no visible means of support," and at once placed him outside its own narrow limits and left him severely alone. It is true that Rodney was entitled by birth to a standing in the community very different from the one he held. He had, however, become somewhat soured by his inability to acquire money, and made no effort to claim from the friends of his youth the consideration due him. He had invented various electrical contrivances, and had patented an improved sight for rifles, but his lack of tact and his unpleasing personality had made it difficult for him to interest capitalists in his de-

signs.

He was a queer fellow in many ways, abrupt in speech and, at times, very sarcastic. I remember a remark he once made to me which, to some extent, illustrated his character. He had been sitting for a long time, his huge head resting upon his hand and his ungainly body reclining upon a sofa. "Old man," he exclaimed, at length, turning his large, gray eyes full upon me, "When I die I want you to place upon my gravestone this epitaph—'Q. E. D.'" The very easence of modern tatalism lay in his words.

There is not a child in the street there who would approach me. I have lived in this or woman has ever whited me good day. I believe I am the only man in the city when I enter an omee to talk business with a stranger, I seem to chill my victim by a single glance. Good God, sir! Am I a leper or a sooundrel? Have I the smallpox? Am I the Wandering Jew or the Prince of Darkness? Why should my fellow-men detest me?"

After a moment he became calmer and continued: "All this has had an evil effect upon my nature. Whatever warmth of feeling I may once have had for mankind hasbeen destroyed. Hereafter I shall let no sympathetic throb agitate my heart. From this time forward I shall take my way through the world coldly, unpityingly,

way through the world coldly, unpityingly, remorselessly."

He arose, lighted a candle, and going to a bookshelf brought a much-thumbed volume to the window. Placing the light advantageously, he said: "I have been reading a book by Hamerton entitled, 'Human Intercourse.' I have been much struck by his opening sentences. Listen: 'A book on human intercourse might be written in a variety of ways, and among them might be an attempt to treat the subject in a scientific manner, so as to elucidate those natural laps by which intercourse between human beings must be regulated. If we knew quite perfectly what those laws are we should enjoy the great convenience of being able to predict with certainty which men and women would be able to associate with pleasure, and which would be constrained or repressed in each other's society. Human intercourse would then be as much a positive science as chemistry, in which the intercourse would then be as much a posi-tive science as chemistry, in which the effect of bringing substances together can be toretold with the utmost accuracy.' Again later on, the author says: 'Sympathy and later on, the author says: "Sympathy and incompatibility—these are the two powers that decide for us whether intercourse is to be possible or not, but the causes of them are dark mysteries that lie undiscovered far down in the abysmal deeps of personality!"

He was silent for a time, and, relighting his pipe, puffed away nervously. I let him indulge his dreams for awhile, though I was anxious to learn the cause of his interest in the words of the English writer. I realized, however, that it was best to permit him to take his own course in the conversation, as he was one of those eccentric men who cannot be hurried. My self-restraint was re-

not be hurried. My self-restraint was rewarded.
"Sympathy and incompatibility," he re-peated after a time. "Those are terms un-known to exact science. They may satisfy an artist, like Hamerton, but they mean nothing to me."

Here he arose and paced up and down the

Here he arose and paced up and down the narrow room.

"But I understand him," I interposed.
"I have long believed that the indifference of one individual toward another is an impossibility. I was never presented for the first time to a man or woman that I did not teel either drawn to or repelled by that person. Sometimes the feeling for or against is slight, sometimes intense, but a negative condition of the emotions is impossible at such a time. Another curious fact is that this feeling of attraction or repulsion is sometimes reversed upon a second or third meeting with the individual in question."

"Doubtless that is all true," he returned somewhat petulently; "but it is simply a statement of phenomena. What I want is a scientific explanation of the facts you mention."

"And that you will never obtain," I remarked confidently.

He blew out the candle and drew his chair to my side. Peering into my face, he said: "O, yes, I will. And society shall pay dearly for my discovery."

There was something uncanny in his manner that affected me unpleasantly. I pushed my chair back and gased out into the night. The street had grown quiet, and a white, soft moon was just peeping with caim indifference above the homes of poverty. Across the way I could see a workman in his shirt-sleeves aitting at an open window, while a slatternly woman leaned over his brawny shoulder. Why is it that such people are

forever peering into the street? Do they hope to catch a glimpse of fortune making toward their doorway? After awhile I turned to Rodney and

"I mean Ampere," he answered curtly.

"Ampere, Ampere," I repeated. "Why
the deuce don't you talk English?"

He smiled condescendingly. "Can it be
that I have a Philistine here?" he asked
musingly. "You come from your home of
wealth to the East Side to ask who Ampere

wealth to the East Side to ask who Ampere was?"

"Ah, he was a man then?"

"Yes, he was a man, and a great one. But he only paved the way for me." Excitedly he arose and paced the room again. I shall never forget the weird picture he presented. His long, tousled hair hung about his enormous head as though it had been flung there by a mischievous sprite. His gray eyes had turned black with excitement, and his face unsymmetrical as a piece of At the age of 30 Marcus Rodney was what his face, unsymmetrical as a piece of gnarled oak, was almost ghastly in its pal-lor. His gigantic and clumsy figure seemed to fill the small room. His flannel shirt was open at the neck, and as he shuffled about in his loose slippers I could hardly believe that I saw before me a man possessing the culture of the schools and the breeding of a

He sat down by my side again.

"Ampere," he explained in a cold, hard voice, as though lecturing to a class of schoolboys, "established the hypothesis upon which we explain the phenomena of

"Yes," I returned, rather bored. "I don't care much for that sort of thing, don't you know?" "But he and his followers," went on Rod-ney pedantically, "have confined their re-searches and discoveries to a very limited sphere. You are fond of me, old man?"

haps some night the husband comes home with his electricity flowing from his feet to his head. It is the first time that this has occurred. His gentle wife has calmly maintained a current which flows from her head to her feet, and greets him as usual. Ultimate result—divorce. Do you follow me?"

"Whew! Well, I cannot honestly say that I do. But I'm not a scientific man. Perhaps if I knew more about the subject I might grasp your meaning more readily. Even admitting, however, that you are right in the main, I really caut't see how your discovery will do you the slightest good. It is interesting, and, if you could prove your propositions, might give you some notoriety in certain circles. But you talk of wealth, power snd all that. What do you mean?"

"My dear boy," he remarked in a paternal way, and with a ring of triumph in his penetrating voice; "the step from such a discovery to its practical application is very short. You have known me only as a theorist, a reader, a talker. You must not forget that I am a practical electrician, a meget that I am a practical electrician, a me-chanic, an inventor and—a desperate man." He said the last two words under his

reath, as though rather ashamed of them. In a moment he went on:
"I have not yet solved all the problems presented to me, but you will admit that if a man could obtain complete control of his own electric currents, and at the same time be able to learn the direction in which the current of another person with whom he was conversing, was flowing, he could fascinate or antagonize that person at will. Further-more, if he could control the strength of his own current he could moderate or increase that attraction or repulsion at pleasure. Then would all the prizes of the earth be his. For know, my friend, that it is not merit, nor intellect, nor energy, nor will, nor one of a thousand other things conducive to sueof a thousand other things conducive to success, which is the most potent factor in the attainment thereof. Give me only the power to win the affection of men and women and I will squeeze from this queer world all that men hold dear. I have seen men who were pygmies beside me intellectually far outstrip me in the race of life, because they were what is cilled 'magnetic.' My friend," here he arose and drew himself up to his full height; "my friend, I am about to become a magnetic man."

per pedantically, "have confined their repearenes and discoveries to a very limited sphere. You are fond of me, old man?"

His question was so unexpected that I



friend's brain.

"You know I am, or I wouldn't be here."

"That's so," he said, looking around the
little room with a sad smile on his face.

"You are the only visitor I ever entertain. It seems almost too bad that it is only a case of currents."

I was more than ever convinced that he was losing his mind. I did not dare to speak for fear of agitating him still further. "A fine place to be caught with a mad man," I reflected, as I peered through the darkness toward the door. He observed my

emotion and went on:

"Come, come, my boy; I will tease you no longer, but the fact is I have made a tremendous discovery. The world is at my feet. In another month I shall be wealthy, courted, happy, and it's all owing to Ampere and Hamerton. Strange combination that? It's seldom you can make a compound tof a Frenchman and an Englishman and obtain as a result riches, glory and all the good things of the earth. I tell you it's the greatest feat ever performed by what we might call mental chemistry."

"And what is the discovery?"

"Let the results answer your question. It may be that I am over-sanguine in this matter. Heaven knows I have bad bold hopes before, and they have always turned to dust."

"Is that all you will say to satisfy my curiosity?" I remarked, rising to go. I had not wholly laid aside the fear that the man might at any moment become dangerous.

"No, sit down. I will go a step further with you. Do you know why you and I have always been friends? 'Sympathy' says Hamerton. 'Bosh,' say I. The fact is our respective electric currents have always flowed in the same direction. Result—attraction. Unfortunately for me, the electric current of other men flow in the opposite direction from mine. Result—repulsion.



"Welcome, Welcome, Old Man."

Why, then, are you not as unpopular as I am? you ask. Therein lies a mystery. Let us put it, for the sake of argument, that the any you ask. Therein lies a mystery. Let us put it, for the sake of argument, that the electric current pertaining to your sensitive individuality is more adaptable than that which dominates my unyielding self. Do you follow me? You acknowledge that some men attract you and others repel you. You further assert that sometimes you like a certain man, and again detest him. That is, your electric current sometimes flows in one direction, sometimes in another. If you will be honest with yourself, you will admit that your liking for me not only has degrees of intensity, but sometimes changes into almost aversion. Fluctuation in the currents, sir. Just think of my theory for a moment. Does it not explain a vast number of social phenomena? Take matrimony, for instance. Two young people are drawn irresiatibly toward each other. They marry. After a time the currents become disturbed. Per-

imagine how important to me would be the solution of that question.

CHAPTER II. Weeks passed, but I did not see Rodney again. In placing my friendship for him upon a purely scientific basis, he had shocked my tenderest feelings. For I had been unselfish in my intercourse with him. and had often sacrificed my inclinations for



My Fiances Fell Fainting Into My Arms, I would and could have done more for him than I had, if he had not been such a proud, unapproachable fellow; but, nevertheless, what small attentions he would accept I had always gladly rendered. I was annoyed, therefore, at the materialistic interpretation he had placed upon my affection for him, and could not persuade myself to see him

It was early in the fall before I heard of him. One day I read in a newspaper that the War Department had adopted "the Bodney sight for rifles." At the time I did not realize that the item referred to my friend's device, but not long afterward I read that Marcus Bodney, inventor of the improved rifle-sight, had become manager of the Graball Electric Motor Company. I at once wrote him a letter of congratulation, to which he returned no answer. A week to which he returned no answer. A week later a column was devoted in one of the morning journals to a description of Marens Rodney's inventions, and the article stated incidentally that "this wonderful genius" was rapidly acquiring a large fortune 'rom his royalties. The writer also asserted that "Mr. Rodney is one of the most fascinating men in the country, possessing a personality which attracts men instantly and surpopeds him with warm and enthusiastic.

"Do you know Marcus Rodney?" I was

asked at my club one night.

"Yes, I used to be intimately acquainted with him. Why?"

"Well, his name is up for membership. His proposers are so uncompromising in their praise that they have almost made him a laughing-stock in the committee. What sort of a fellow is he?"